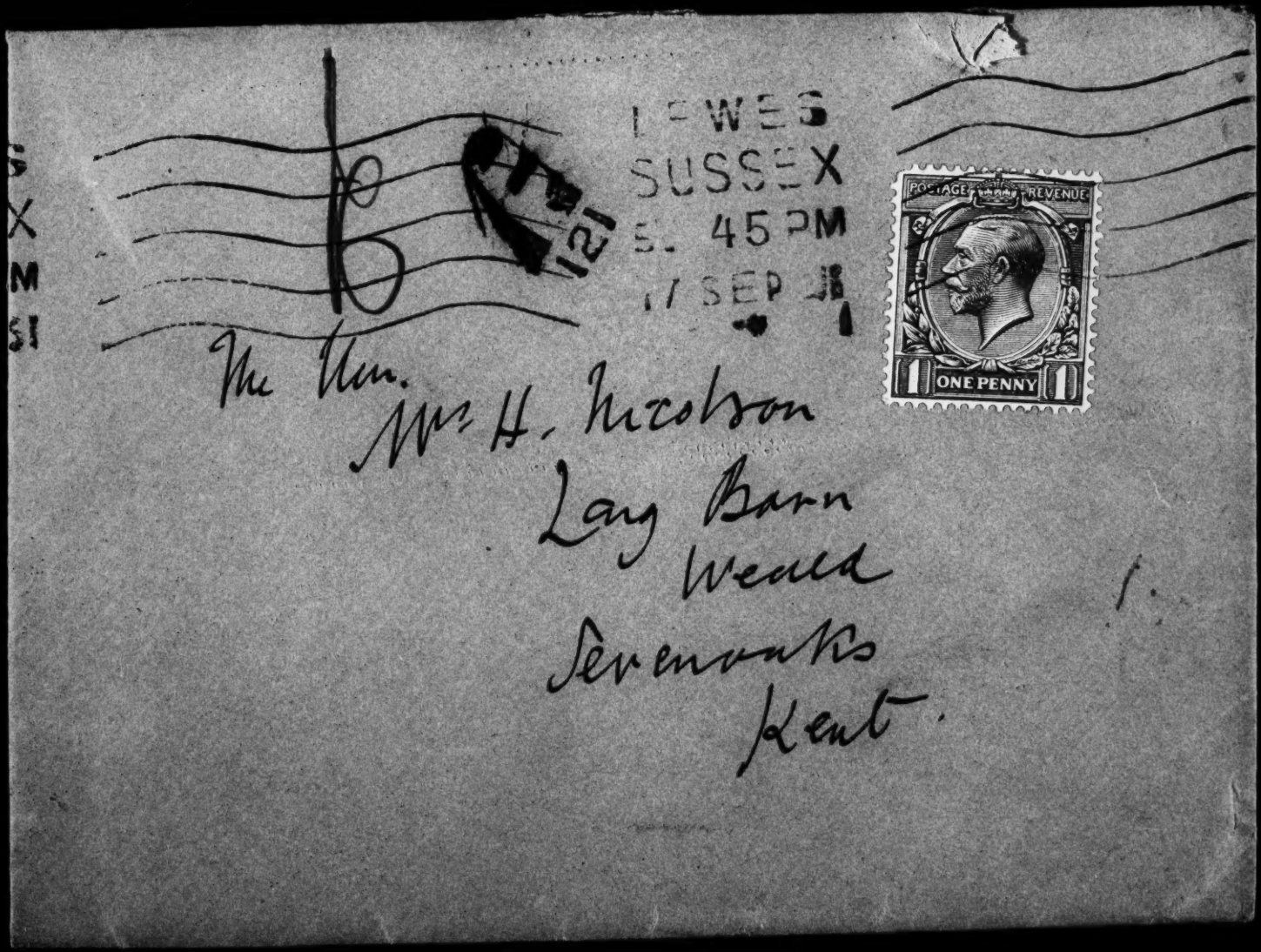
Know why,
& this is so
Lame the
Can't get
up stairs:
he so that
he lies
where he
feels, like
a sheep.
& will
Jack.
Wednesday
Monks House,

This is just by way of a kind enquiry — not that I shall get an answer. Tavistock is a very pamphlet disease, as I remember it, & one's throat is spotted with white spots — isn't that it? And to lie in bed today — what a crime — on the part of God, I mean, for what you've done to deserve it I don't know, poor creature.

And it would have been such fun, lunching with you — I daresay we should have had mushrooms on toast — & then Sprung to the Lancasters. You can imagine anything more what one Expected — a harsh hobbledehoy flopsy mother — a great bread & butter — a small old tumbledown house in an orchard. The son writes music in an room. Joan writes poetry in another. They have meals wherever it takes their fancy — sometimes in the Kitchen, sometimes in the bedroom. As it turned out Mrs. E. The Letter you had hunted called Adney — that's where the art comes from, I was in some distant relation to an old prophet called Hale White who lived at Groombridge. The had a drawer chock-a-block with old stuff & beat mats & early Victorian umbrellas — Joan is the mystery. She looks like a chocolate box flapper, talks like one, about the how lovely the lilies are, & the sunset, & the dog, & the cat. — Yet produces those strange poems. I daresay she's hypnotised by the man servant, a half wit, who does all the house work & was dressed in dusky black. I think for your benefit. They

Heavy. I wrote a letter
2. I work for
Virginia
Woolf. Comes with a
Why. I hope to stem the
Father from the fairies of hope.
Yes it's the worst publishing season
Bookseller dares say. I'm glad

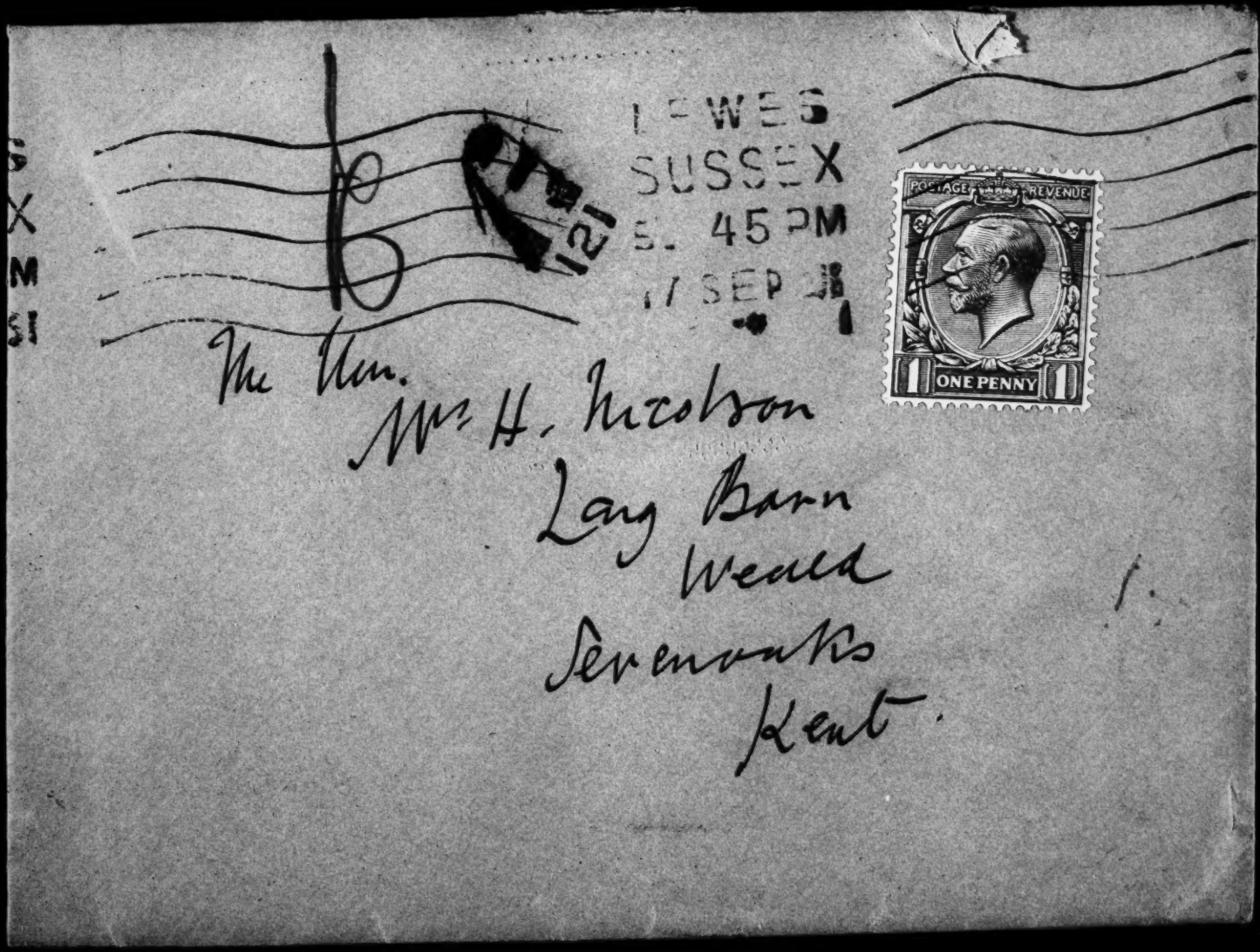

LEWES
SUSSEX
5.45PM
17 SEP
POSTAGE & REVENUE
ONE PENNY
The Hon.
Mrs H. Nicolson
Long Barn
Weald
Sevenoaks
Kent.

Wednesday

Monks House,

This is just by way of a kind enquiry — not that I shall get an answer. Tonsilitis is a very painful disease, as I remember it, & one's throat is spotted with white spots — isnt that it? And to lie in bed today — what a crime — on the part of God, I mean, for what you've done to deserve it I dont know, poor creature. And it would have been such fun, lunching with you — I daresay we should have had mushrooms on toast — & then going to the Easdales. You cant imagine anything more what one expected — a lavish [illegible] floppy mother — a great spread for tea — a small old tumbledown house in an orchard. The son writes music in one room. Joan writes poetry in another — They have meals wherever it takes their fancy — sometimes in the kitchen, sometimes in the bedroom. As it turned out Mrs. E. the sister of a bad painter called Adeney — thats where the art comes from, & was in some dubious relation to an old prophet called Hale White who lived at Groombridge. She had a drawer of his letters which she wanted me to take off & read. She had endless odds & ends of old stuff & bead mats & early Victorian umbrellas — Joan is the mystery — she looks like a chocolate box flapper, talks like one, about how lovely the lilies are, & the sunset, & the dog, & the cat. — yet produces those strange poems. I daresay she's hypnotised by the manservant, a half wit, who does all the house work & was dressed in seedy black I think for your benefit. They

knows why, & she's so lame she cant get up stairs; he so fat he lies where he falls, like a sheep, & will fall. Dotty was as nice as could be, showing her grounds surrounded by dappled spotted brindled dogs. That reminds me — have you a photograph of Henry? I ask for a special reason, connected with a little escapade by means of wh. I hope to stem the ruin we shall suffer from the failure of The Waves. They say it's the worst publishing season on record. No bookseller dares buy. So I'm glad Passion is spent.


LEWES
SUSSEX
5.45PM
17 SEP
POSTAGE & REVENUE
ONE PENNY
The Hon.
Mrs H. Nicolson
Long Barn
Weald
Sevenoaks
Kent.

were terribly disappointed that you didn't come, & had laid in five cakes & some biscuits, ask for you, made by the Seely man. When they gave a birthday party he implored them not to bother about Campo, as he would fill the garden with glow worms - He went out with a huge basket into the woods & returned with two - which did their best, but what are two glow worms in a whole garden. Mrs Woolf, Mrs Fenedale asked me,

— here I was called out to play bowls, & now continue next day over the fire, the rain pouring as I come; & I dont so much pity you in bed. (But I hope you're up) There's nothing more to say about the Fenedales, & admit that a young musician there confirmed me that Ethel has infinite complacency & not a note of music in her. So think you, who hate chords, sitting under 5 rows of knockers with her behind me, I suppose. Another row, I make no doubt. What about your French tour? Dotty said something, but I was immovably discreet, & said nothing — Discreet without reason I expect. O I'm in such a rage - a ferocious rage that caught me by the throat & constricted my heart — they've sold the down above the village, & it's all to go in plots, & two bungalows are already being run up, & it's all ruined for ever & ever. What are we to do? I would sell instantly: but dont tell L. Then. I dont see any point in living here in a suburb of Brighton. I dont suppose there is any pleasure in my life like walking alone in the country: no, I'm not exaggerating. And then to see the Downs spoilt - by an infernal laborer Candidate - his blasted villa will be there for all time - My God, Vita, I wish one hadn't picked this age to live in: I hate my kind. And you're fallen to the blandishments of Benn. I'm sorry, selfishly for the press; & his airlines make me work like none but the ignominious tribes of waiters & Storm Jamesons — not you. — In his jiggard. Another line, please, to say how you are. Tomorrow George & Margaret come over — God

HAMILL & BARKER 2/5/62

Please give Dolly my love - Dwar Dorry about her -
her mother. Oger - I understand about yours.

Shall you be carting on Monday & will
you come & see me? - or are you all
such Dolly somewhere? I haven't the
remotest idea. We come back - Lord
knows why we do these things - tomorrow, for d.
to broadcast, & I must now tear up ten dozen
letters (not from you) & all the rest of it.
Lord, how I hate the thought of London,
Except that I like seeing some people - who?

V.

Wednesday

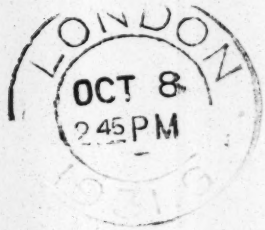
Not Eddy, by the way.

LEWES
SUSSEX
7. 45 PM
30 SEP 31

The Hon
Mrs H. Nicolson
Long Barn
Weald
Sevenoaks
Kent

52 T.S. Monday

Why do I only get a letter from you today, Monday, which was written on Monday? God knows.
Ye, do come on Monday, afternoon, let me know
what time — I've a mint of thing to say, but I
Cant remember any of them at the moment. Just
off to buy a large house in Bedford Square —
I'm sending the Wave, but I dont much think you'll
like it. Please congratulate Harold warmly
upon the Book page in Action — specially the
novel reviews. First copy just come in. Let me



The Hon.
Mrs H. Nicolson
Long Barn
Weald
Sevenoaks
Kent

know about Monday. Don't talk of Rovena – it makes me ill to think of it.

V.

We go down to Rudnick, thank the Lord, tomorrow till Sunday night. O to escape from here! And the Ceiling in my studio has fallen & I've nowhere to sit & all Fendi's work was ruined & – & –

& – . . . .

Or, what about lunch
on Monday,

I.

NYPL

1-7
16-3
3.7.13
5.11.1

know about Monday. Don't talk of Rovena – it makes me ill to think of it.

V.

We go down to Rodmell, thank the Lord, tomorrow till Sunday night. O to escape from Hubble! And the Cecilys in my studio has fallen & I've nowhere to sit & all Fenn's works were ruined & – & – & – . . . .

Oh, what other limits
on human,

I

BUY PL

1 · 11 · 5

3 · 7 · 10

16 - 3

1 - 7

52 T.S.

Probably you will never see me again but we're just on the fog & Cambridge to take votes to the Hall with fens.

Yes, do come on Monday. Lunch? I shall be alone - One. Leonard will be in for tea - Dinner - So choose which suits & let me know. Yes, I was shocked with Ben's tubuli - how enchanting the young are - I sent him a Coby - how different his feelings from his mothers. What she said was "Stunted. The woman & who wrote that book was fed on gin." And then Dolly rang up, & Vita, Dolly both said "Stunted" - How I love that story, better than any - though it's

The Hon.
Mrs. Nicolson
~~Long~~ ~~Sissinghurst~~
~~Weald~~
~~Sevenoaks~~
Sissinghurst Castle Kent
Sissinghurst

SEVENOAKS
—KENT—
7. 15 PM
27 OCT 31
+
NYPL
SEVENOAKS
M
OCT 31

Probably you will never see me again but we're just off to the fog & Cambridge to take votes to the mob with fens.

Yes, do come on Monday. Lunch? I shall be alone. One. Leonard will be in for tea - dinner - so choose which suits & let me know. Yes, I was shocked with Ben's tubule - how enchanting the young are - I sent him a cake - how different his feelings from his mothers. What she said was "Stunted. The woman & who wrote that book was fed on gin." And then Dolly rang up, & Vita, Dolly both said "Stunted" - How I love that story, better than any - though it's

true I'm said, by a Cambridge Don, to be the greatest living poet: which I repeat not so much from vanity as from the noble desire to annoy another poet — one I could touch with a stick about as long as from here to Sevenoaks — but Lor' bless you, he don't mind — That's the worst of Versa — he has no vanity. Mine is at the moment feeding the cells of lunatics. And Lord — we're almost certainly taking a great house in Gordon Sq^re. where we shall live for ever: a all my time with more [illegible] tying up our back with string for the most. Not asking to see you before that. Yr. Stunt

SEVENOAKS
—KENT—
7. 15 PM
27 OCT 31
+
NYPL
M
OCT 31

Monks House,

Sunday 16th or 15? Nov.

Well, that is a nice good poem. Yes I like it. I like its
gravity & ease: & its calm: & it timelessness & shade: &
its air of rings widening & widening till they imperceptibly
touch the bank. That's what I like best in your work.
And the sense that you have shed all the merely human
horrors & have taken to the waters, fish like,
absolved. Oh so much better than bothering about
human relations, & loving art. & trying & failing
Later there to dine with Lady Rhondda. Lord Ga-
Gosse invited me last night with nostalgia for the
Lake & the farm cart: "Ulster Weekly"; & the
returning horses. & the old men. (Over
I think this a very harmonious & complete poem:
& very vitality & vintage. And after all this)
Come to the point—

Sunday Nov. 24th

(I find this beginning, crumbled up: unlike yr.
I send it. But then how) tower above yr
in the intimacies of life— —the point
was, I suppose that you showed it
print it. Will you? 2 Here, faithfully, in

a cheque for £1- 6-6.

Ethel met me with a Quarto sheet, on
which were written things to ask Virginia:
1. 2. 3— & to ask 20. without stopping
she went on till 5: & her veins were
swollen on her forehead.

To give you a sample: 1. Suicide. 2. About
Nelly. 3. What's Vita writing. 4. Relations
with Ottoline. 5. 6. 7 & — all Brecon &
the memoir. But she is a game old Bird
& I reflect her to the Countess Idolatry.
Alas & alas — Friday is no good. Leonard has
promised to address a village meeting at Rodmell -
I forgot. Any chance the week after? all
days thank you.

And when shall I meet you.

O you were a nice good Vike -

NYPL

HAMILL & BARKER 2/6/60